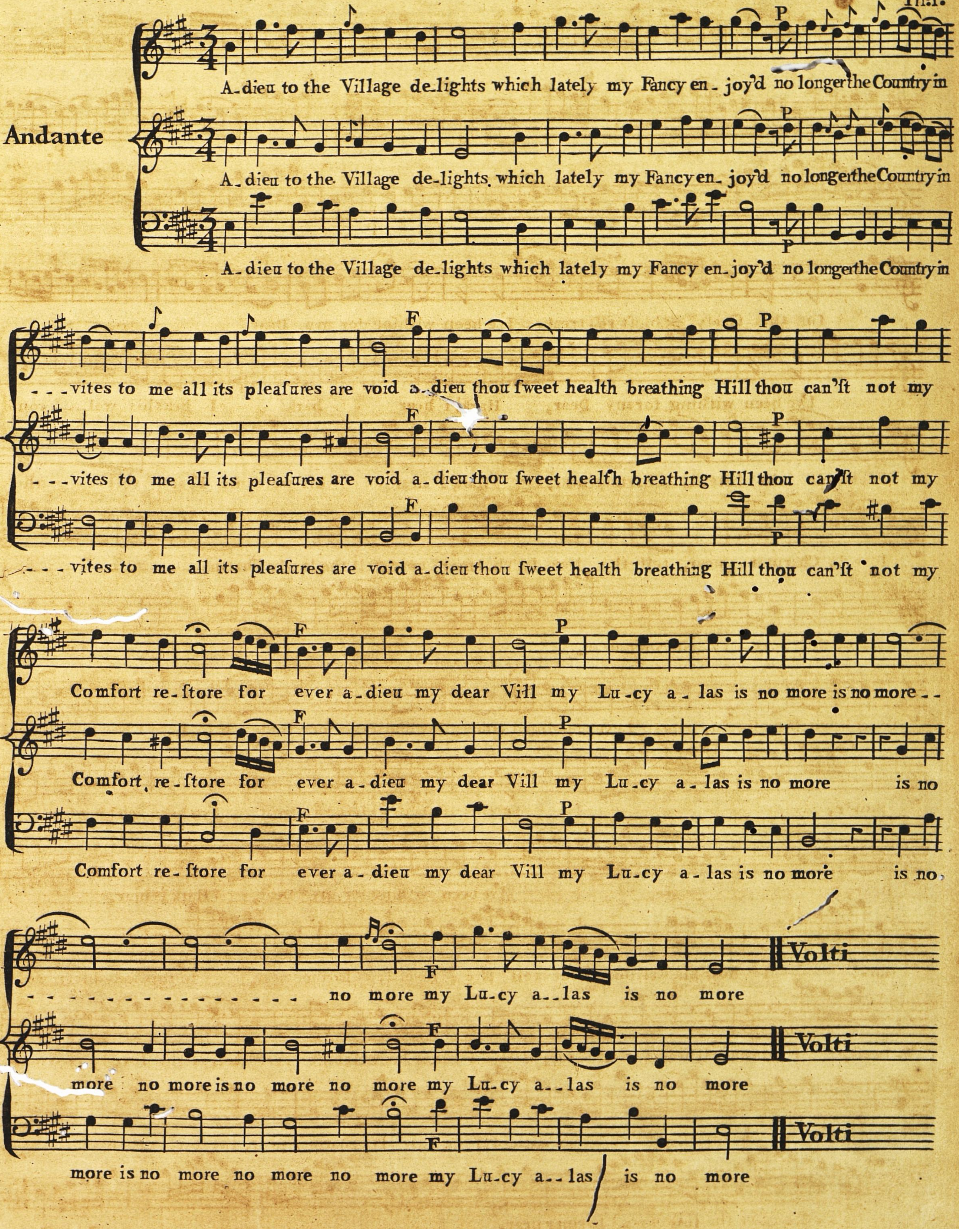
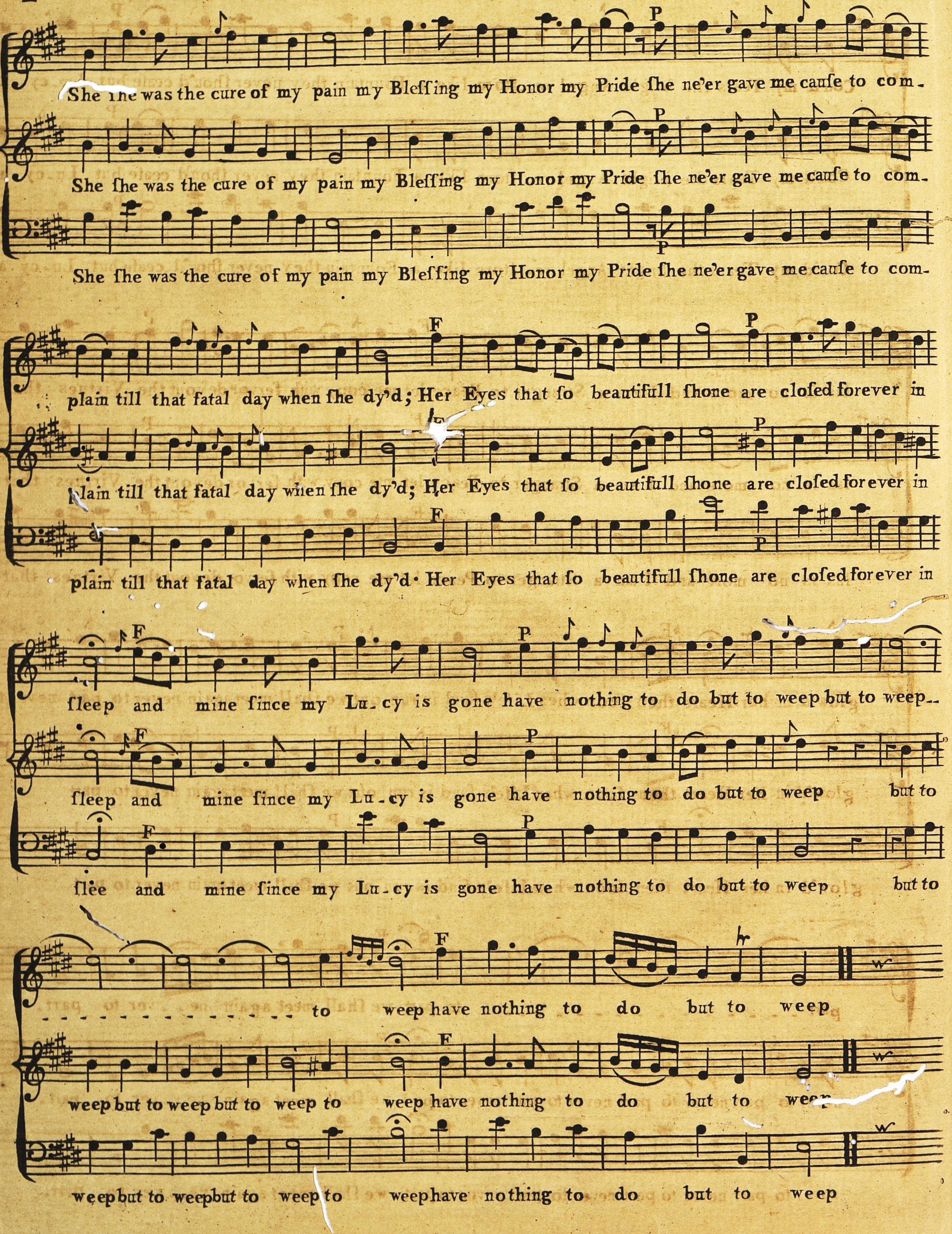
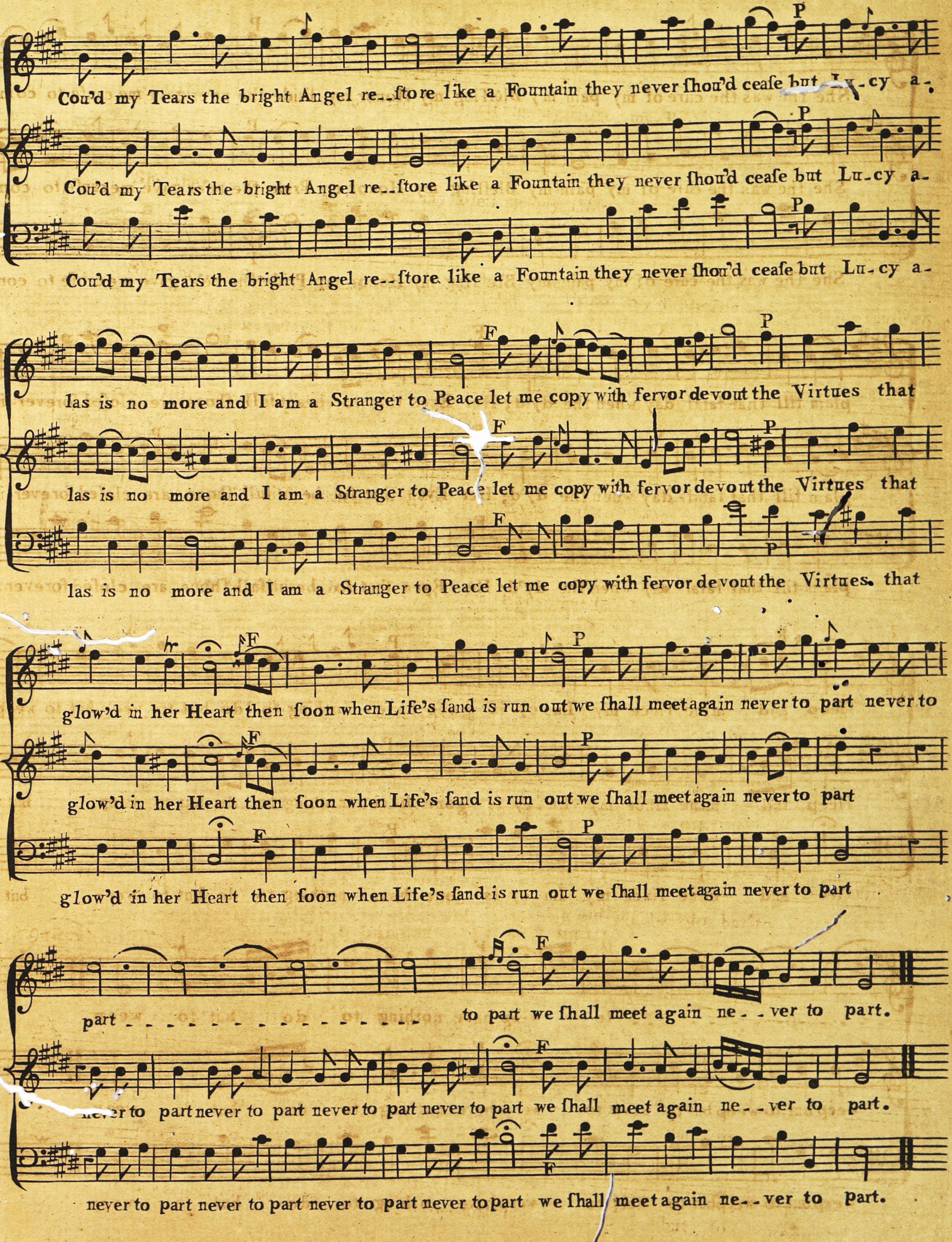
A Pastoral Elegiac Glee

Jos. Baildon

Pri: 1s




P
She ſhe was the cure of my pain my Bleſſing my Honor my Pride ſhe ne'er gave me cauſe to com_
P
She ſhe was the cure of my pain my Bleſſing my Honor my Pride ſhe ne'er gave me cauſe to com_
P
She ſhe was the cure of my pain my Bleſſing my Honor my Pride ſhe ne'er gave me cauſe to com_
F
P
plain till that fatal day when ſhe dy'd; Her Eyes that ſo beautifull ſhone are cloſed forever in
P
plain till that fatal day when ſhe dy'd; Her Eyes that ſo beautifull ſhone are cloſed forever in
F
P
plain till that fatal day when ſhe dy'd· Her Eyes that ſo beautifull ſhone are cloſed forever in
F
P
ſleep and mine ſince my Lu_cy is gone have nothing to do but to weep but to weep_
F
P
ſleep and mine ſince my Lu_cy is gone have nothing to do but to weep but to
F
P
ſlee and mine ſince my Lu_cy is gone have nothing to do but to weep but to
F
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ to weep have nothing to do but to weep
F
weep but to weep but to weep to weep have nothing to do but to weep
weep but to weep but to weep to weep have nothing to do but to weep


Cou'd my Tears the bright Angel re--ſtore like a Fountain they never ſhou'd ceaſe but Lu-cy a-
Cou'd my Tears the bright Angel re--ſtore like a Fountain they never ſhou'd ceaſe but Lu-cy a-
Cou'd my Tears the bright Angel re--ſtore like a Fountain they never ſhou'd ceaſe but Lu-cy a-
las is no more and I am a Stranger to Peace let me copy with fervor devout the Virtues that
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las is no more and I am a Stranger to Peace let me copy with fervor devout the Virtues. that
glow'd in her Heart then ſoon when Life's ſand is run out we ſhall meet again never to part never to
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glow'd in her Heart then ſoon when Life's ſand is run out we ſhall meet again never to part
part - - - - - - - - - - - - - - to part we ſhall meet again ne--ver to part.
never to part never to part never to part never to part we ſhall meet again ne--ver to part.
never to part never to part never to part never to part we ſhall meet again ne--ver to part.
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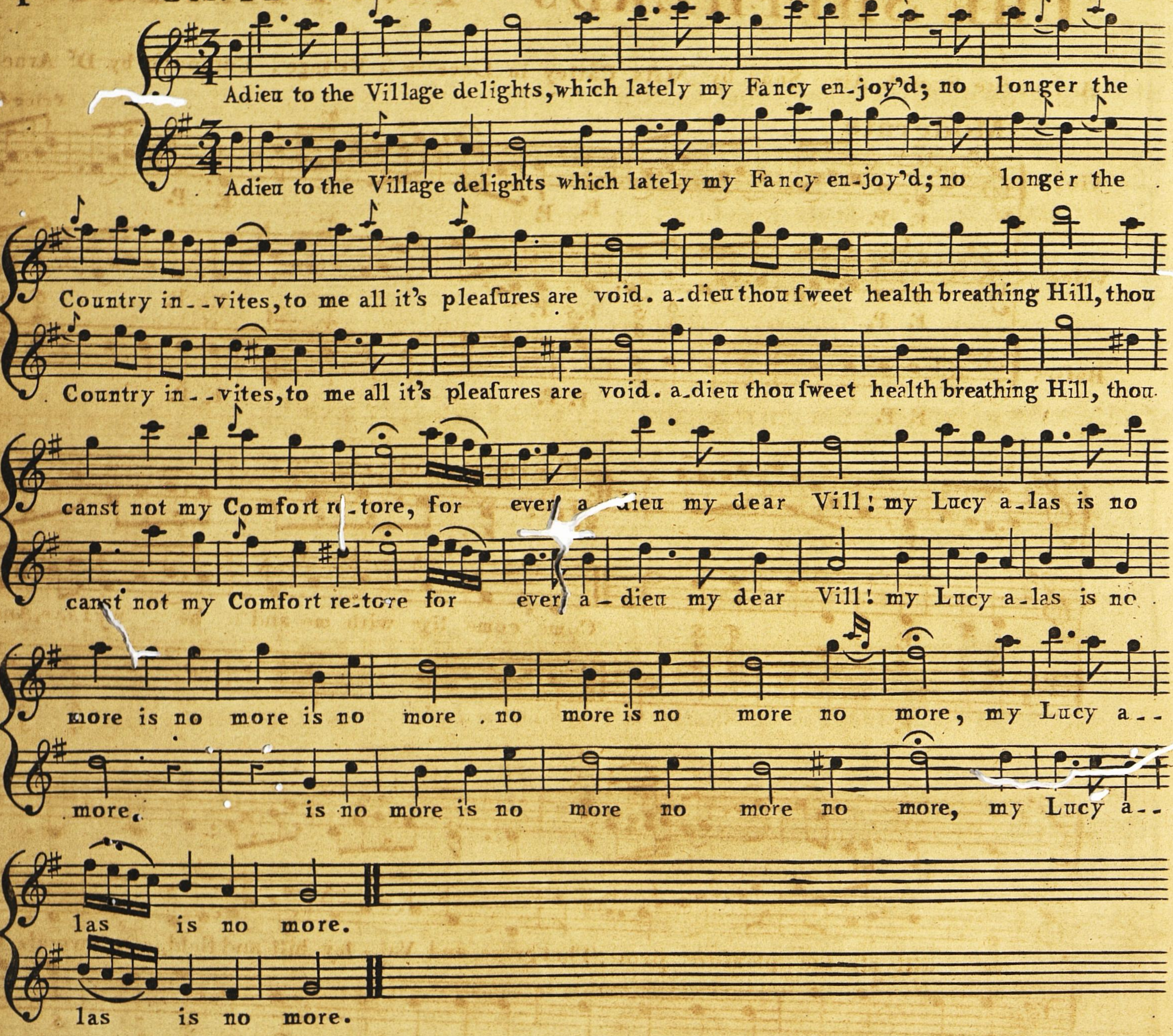
Ger: Flute or Guitar



2

She fhe was the cure of my Pain,
My blefsing, my Honor, my pride;
She ne'er gave me caufe to complain,
Till that fatal day when fhe dy'd,
Her Eyes that fo beautifull fhone,
Are clofed for ever in fleep;
And mine fince my Lucy is gone,
Have nothing to do but to weep.

3

Cou'd my Tears the bright Angel restore,
Like a Fountain they never fhould cease;
But Lucy alas is no more,
And I am a ftranger to Peace;
Let me Copy with fervor devout,
The Virtues which glow'd in her Heart;
Then foon when Life's fand is run out,
We fhall meet again never to part.